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by mail add  
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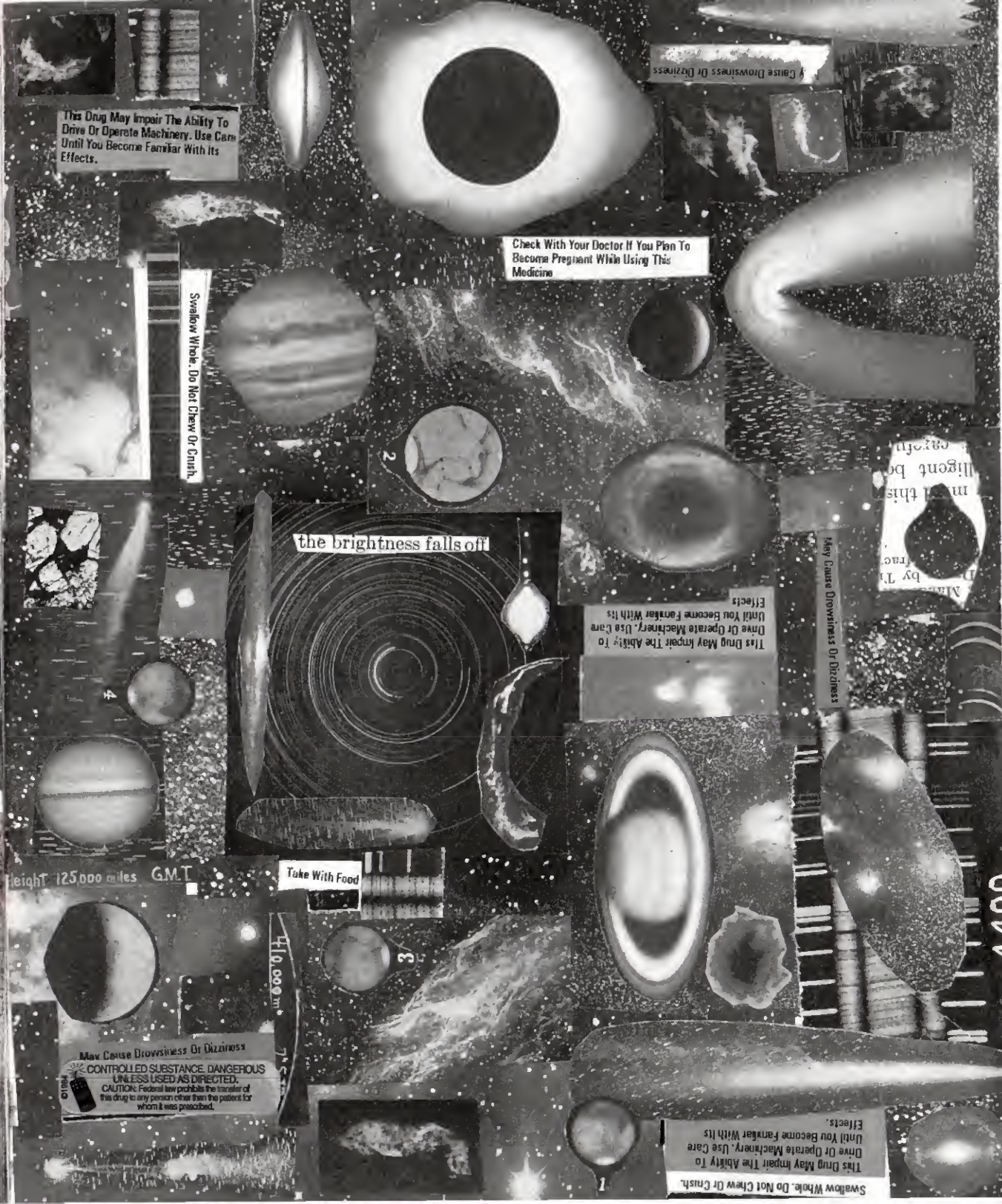
# Flying Haystacks





[illegible]





This Drug May Impair The Ability To Drive Or Operate Machinery. Use Care Until You Become Familiar With Its Effects.

Swallow Whole. Do Not Chew Or Crush.

Check With Your Doctor If You Plan To Become Pregnant While Using This Medicine

the brightness falls off

This Drug May Impair The Ability To Drive Or Operate Machinery. Use Care Until You Become Familiar With Its Effects.

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Take With Food

May Cause Drowsiness Or Dizziness  
CONTROLLED SUBSTANCE DANGEROUS  
UNLESS USED AS DIRECTED.  
CAUTION: Federal law prohibits the transfer of this drug to any person other than the patient for whom it was prescribed.

This Drug May Impair The Ability To Drive Or Operate Machinery. Use Care Until You Become Familiar With Its Effects.

Swallow Whole. Do Not Chew Or Crush.





When you walked in the door, you smelled a mixture of mustard and hot dogs and popcorn and strong disinfectant. The smell was the same in every theater - revolting and comforting at the same time.

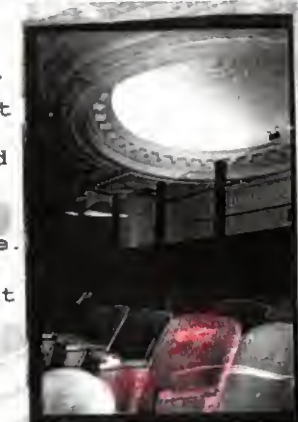
I never bought snacks there, I brought my own. In later years I would stop for coffee and a hot dog at the Grand Luncheonette and talk with Fred. One time I even watched the place for a few minutes.



While we waited for the film to begin, I'd check out the theater. The whoreyred at the Selwyn, the strange blue color at the Harris with the fake gold paint, the eerieness of the Lyric, the sleaziness of the Times Square. Built as legitimate theaters in the early 1900's, they'd been through grindhouse movies, burlesque, regular movies, vaudeville,



exploitation films, Kung Fu Films, porn and the horror films we were now watching. The Apollo had been a burlesque house, later it showed art films, now it was closed. None would compare to the newer Cine 42, more than one screen in a strange and dirty, chopped up space. The first time we went I was nervous and we sat next to the wall. Big mistake - I ended up watching the giant roaches crawl up the wall instead of the films.



The only violent thing I ever saw was a guy try to set one of the cats on fire with a cigarette lighter. As he lit the cigarette lighter I flipped out and yelled and the cat ran away. Sometimes the cats - ratters they called them - would rub up against your leg in the middle of the film. The first time it happened I screamed, thinking it was a rat. But the cats did their jobs well - I never saw a rat in one of the theaters.

The last film I saw on 42nd Street was "Silence of the Lambs". The kicker came when two girls behind us started screaming "where's the lambs"?! That ended any possible concentration. Yelling at the screen was mandatory in a theater on the Deuce.

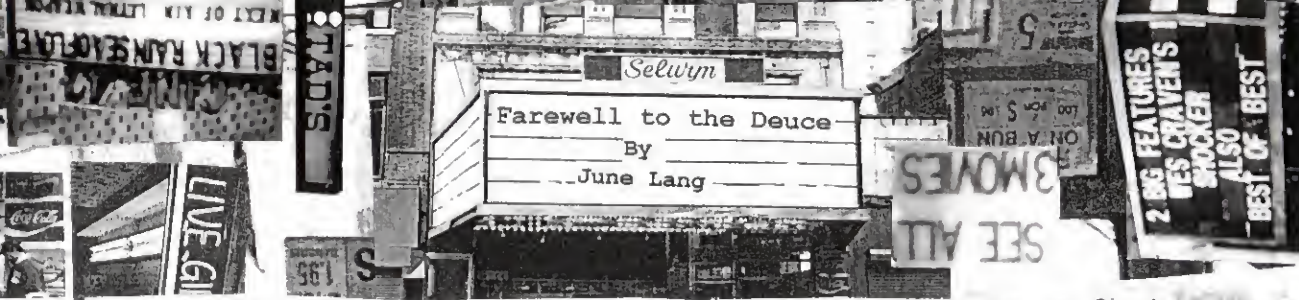
Now The Deuce is gone forever and the only thing that remains the same is that I still live in the neighborhood. I guess I could get a five dollar cup of coffee at Starbucks and see a ten dollar movie at the twenty-five plex.



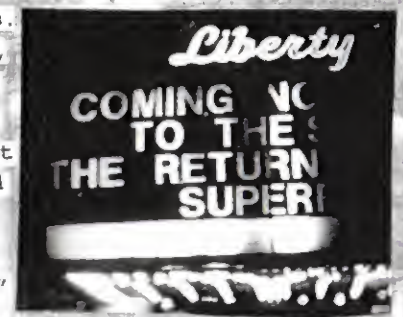
Nah.....

text  
and  
photos  
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June Lang





I moved to NY in 1985 and have lived near Times Square ever since. My first foray onto 42<sup>nd</sup> Street was at night with a friend. We walked from my apartment down 8<sup>th</sup> Avenue and across 42<sup>nd</sup> to Broadway. I walked like a tourist, timid and a bit fearful. Greasy chicken on the corner of 8<sup>th</sup>, The Triple Treat Theater ad on the marquee at Show World across the street, past the sleazy Harem Theater. Then the Selwyn, where we stopped to watch movie previews on the little screen outside, to the right the small crowded Grand Luncheonette, looking straight out of the 50's with its stools and mirrors and greasy signs. I stared into the store windows full of Spanish Fly, dildos, handcuffs, magazines and the occasional out of place bottle of shampoo. White light bulbs blinking under the marquees, neon flashing, Triple X beckoning. Looking across the street I saw signs for Live Girls and lit up marquees on the closed Empire and Liberty Theaters. The Harris Theater open and people stepping up to the circular ticket booth. The "new"

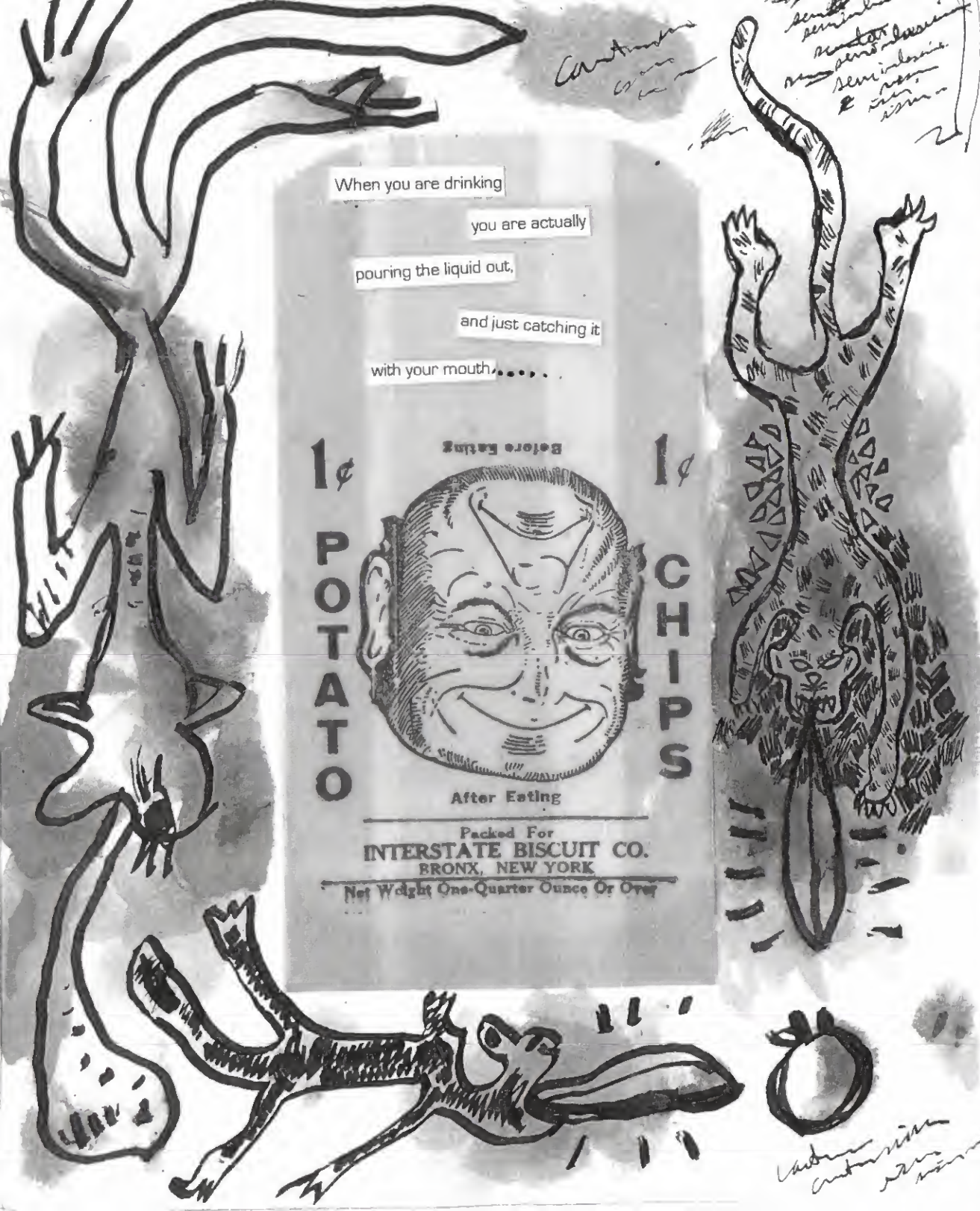


sleazy Cine 42 looking out of place in the row of very old theaters. Kung Fu posters and swords and flashy men's clothes and Modell's Sporting Goods and Tad's Steaks. Incense burning, preachers preaching, people everywhere. Peepers at Peepland. Drug peddlers whispering smoke, smoke. The Lyric Theater and The Times Square, and the boarded up New Amsterdam, looking like an art nouveau ghost. The Cooped Up See a Movie Today sign and the sign that said The Movie Street of the World. Past the Victory Theater and the lit up marquees in the Rialto building. I knew I'd be spending a lot of time on this block. We started a new tradition. Saturday mornings we'd head to 42<sup>nd</sup> Street for the first show at 11 a.m. The first showing usually cost three or four dollars. Usually two films, sometimes three. Once we saw four at the Cine 42 for four dollars. We stopped to get coffee on the way down Broadway and then hit the street. Sometimes we knew which films we'd see, sometimes it was hit or miss, eyeing each marquee to see what was playing and always choosing the films we couldn't see anywhere else. Mostly horror. My favorite theater was the Selwyn. I loved the whorey red color inside - it was everywhere. And I liked that the bathroom was off the lobby, not downstairs like in most of the other theaters. Built as legitimate theaters, the ladies powder room was often a huge room downstairs. A powder room stripped of its dignity many years ago and now just a smelly scary place down a flight of stairs.



the ever-present pestiferous adults whose sole preoccupation seems to be clouding the bright sun of play, Tommy is confronted with the more tolerable mores of good conduct which he must master, and the A B C of education.





When you are drinking

you are actually

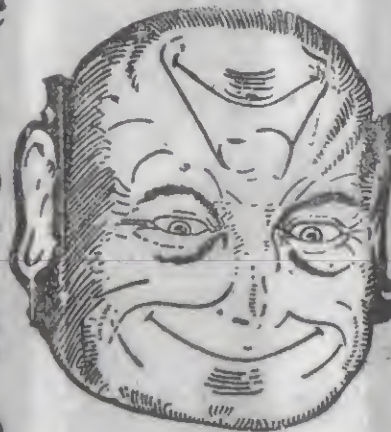
pouring the liquid out,

and just catching it

with your mouth.....

1¢

POTATO



1¢

CHIPS

After Eating

Packed For  
INTERSTATE BISCUIT CO.  
BRONX, NEW YORK

Net Weight One-Quarter Ounce Or Over



Six o'clock on a Saturday

morning.

9 years old,

I was walking down

the street.

had a cold piece of pizza in my jacket pocket.







